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RUBBER MONSTERS SILICON TITS FAKE GORE



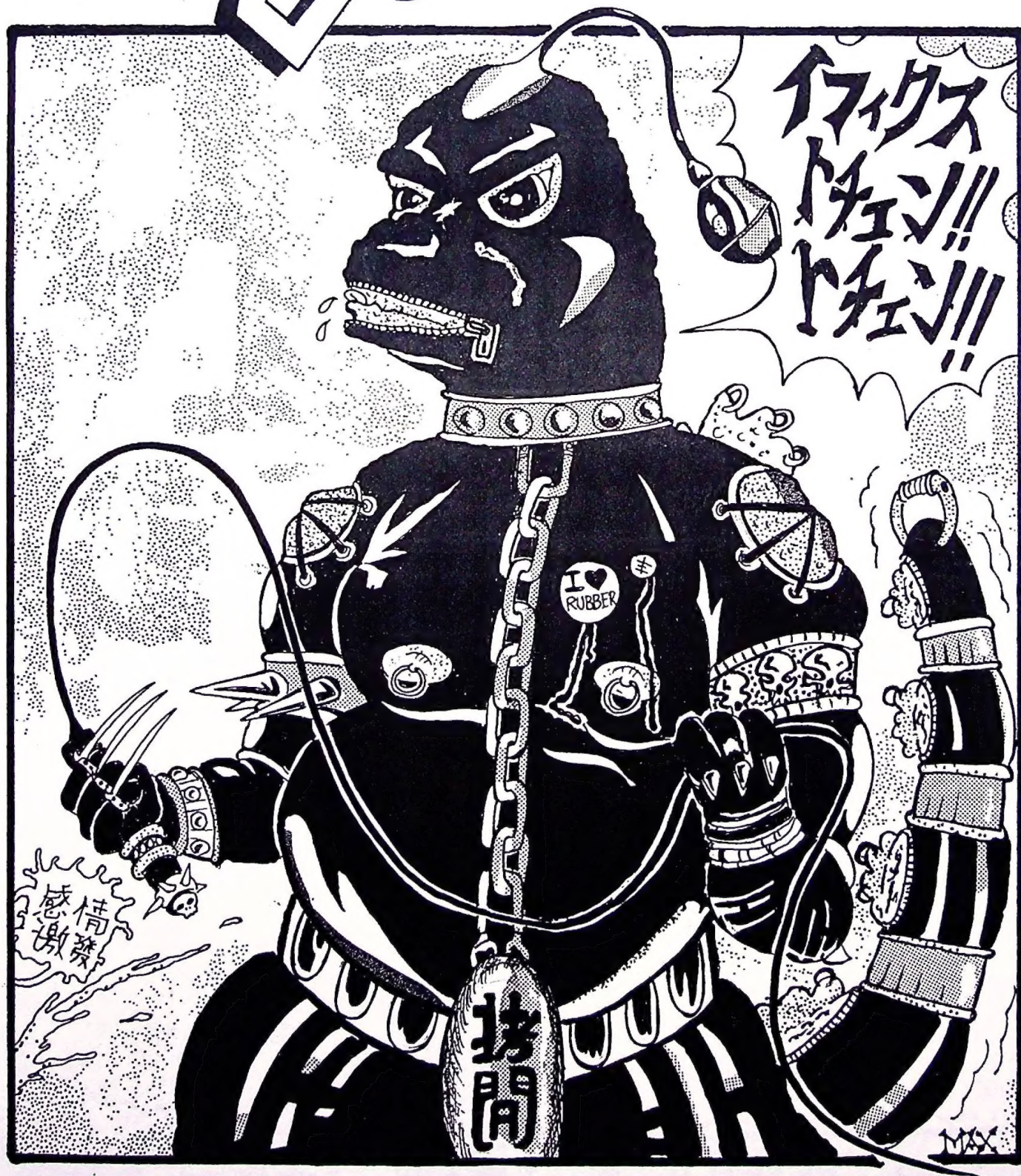
ISSUE 2

ADULTS
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GOREZILLA

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GOREZILLA #2 - JANUARY 1991

WRITE TO: MAX DELLA MORA,
PIAZZA TRIPOLI 7, 20146,
MILANO, ITALY

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ZABBADOING..."), LEGEND OF THE
OVERFIEND, LUCA IL CONTRABBAN
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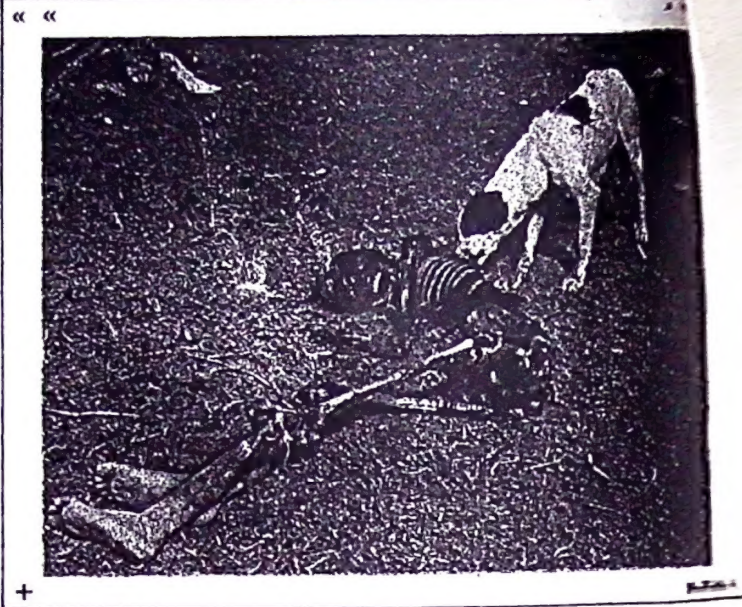
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then spread them apart
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JOE DAMATO

Q- Let's talk about your experiences with the actresses: how should a sexy or porn actress be?

A- You mean professionally, I guess...It's the same as in life, there are some very sexy women who are not very beautiful and some others who look wonderful but don't arouse any erotic fantasy. What's more important in a woman is her passion, and some exhibitionism is needed, too. But it's always a subjective matter.

Q- But on a physical, "anatomical" level? Breast, thighs...

A- Yes, sure, but it is always very relative. For example, what stimulates most my fancy are a woman's eyes, and I always "keep an eye" on them while I shoot, because a woman's sex shows through her eyes, and you can even figure out when an orgasm is real or not.

Q- Does a porn actress do that job because she likes it or mainly for the money?

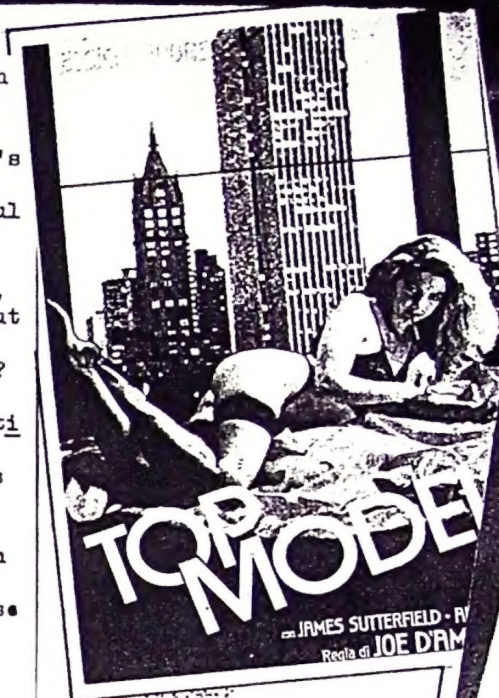
A- If you're talking hard-core movies, I think money is what matters, no one does it for their own pleasure. Everybody tries to pretend the contrary, of course, because the over-sexed, somewhat nymphomaniac actress who really enjoys it is more exciting. They must be somewhat exhibitionistic, that's for sure, but sexual pleasure is something else and I don't believe that.

Q- Let's talk about the partners, the "actors"...

A- Talking about hard-core, usually women are more natural, even bold sometimes, and that is obvious: the man must concentrate to get and keep a hard-on. Besides, I think that a hard-core actor must not be very clever, because "sex wants no problems", so a sensitive or problematic actor is not suitable to porn, unless he can forget about everything and concentrate only on his hard-on...a pretty rare case. Usually, in fact, it is difficult to have them acting convincingly.

Q- How did you choose the actors for your hard-core movies?

A- It was a narrow choice, just a small group of actresses and actors; it has always been a problem, here in Italy, because we are very narrow-minded, so we have a "Foreign Legion": French, Dutch...



To work with new Italian actresses was also problematic: they might promise a lot and then refuse to do anything on the set, and create any sort of troubles. There are very few Italian actresses left now, they're always the same, and as the genre sinks, they're forced to do scenes with horses and other animals (like Marina Frangese -GZ). In America, it's totally different, there's a wide market and they are more open-minded, porn cinema is a merely industrial matter, there are a lot of wonderful and very sexy girls who make porn films, without any problems, and they can even act. Their movies are of a superior quality, too, and they can spend more than 150,000 \$ for a picture (in Italy the average budget is \$ 20-25,000 per film) and they can make like 200 or 300 pictures a year. Another American peculiarity is the scarcity of soft-core films, while in Italy we can do a "harder" soft-core. In France, hard-core aside, sex films must be very tame, very "soft", so we have to make two versions: one for the Italian market, and another toned-down one for France, U.S.A. and other countries.

Q- Professionally, what is the difference between erotic and porn movies?

A- It's easy: it takes more fantasy to make an erotic movie than a hard-core porn, which is based on some mandatory anatomic factors, on which the director can intervene in a slightest way, with the camera angle and the lightning, while in a soft core film you have got to produce certain emotions in the viewer, to create a certain atmosphere, so you have more freedom, more fantasy and it's a lot more gratifying for the director.



But after LA CHIAVE came out, I immediately got back to soft-core with L'ALCOVA, IL PIACERE and ELEVEN DAYS, ELEVEN NIGHTS which did quite well. TOP MODEL is a sort of follow-up to ELEVEN DAYS, both star Jessica Moore who is Italian - a real find.

Q- We've heard some stories about your technique of writing the stories for your films...

A- I think it's not just MY way of writing, movie makers inspire to each others. Well, in the hard-core years we used to make 5 or 6 pictures in a couple of months, like an assembly line: we lacked inspiration for the stories, so we could thumb through a well deserving magazine published by the C.C.C. (Catholic Cinema Center) with reviews and synopsis of all the movies released in Italy, and we would adapt some of those synopses into porn stories, especially the ones rated "Not Recommended", "Unacceptable", "Sick", "Licentious". We must thank them, they did us a favor!

Q- You surely had problems with censorship in your career...

A- Censorship is an euphemism. I was in the front line underfire, as in a war. Following charges often combined by anti-porno "commandos", I amassed trials and sentences for a total amount of 20 months of reclusion, but always managed to get away with conditional sentences. Each film used to bring me a 2-month sentence - some times even 4 months- with several opinions including obscenity. But I never worried, I'm just a professional and I do my job. I believe that all those charges have been dropped now. Besides, I make safer films now.

Q- You shot ELEVEN DAYS and TOP MODEL in the U.S.A. Why?

A- The problem was to make the film more international. After Brass' LA CHIAVE, I adapted L'ALCOVA and IL PIACERE to the Thirties, a particular, definite setting. But in the U.S.A. you find a setting, an environment that is more suitable to the international market: an American-looking film is more in demand, less provincial.

Q- Did you find any difficulties shooting sex films in the U.S.A.?

A- We shot in Louisiana, which is a very Catholic state, and we were careful to shoot without getting any problems. To shoot sex films is forbidden only in some states. There are also problems with trade unions, especially in California and in New York. I'm going back to America to make another erotic film in Boston soon (he's probably referring to DIRTY LOVE -GZ).



Q- What's the evolution of hard-core cinema been?

A- The golden age was when you had censorship restrictions, and the pleasure of infringement; today there has been a liberalization, supported by the advent of home video, so the hard-core cinema, on a theatrical level, is facing a deep crisis. I haven't been making any hard-core films for years, for instance. In France, there is still an audience for that, mainly tourists from countries where porn is banned. But the crisis of hard-core also means a return to soft-core films, which had been wiped out by porno in the years between 1980 and 1984. Then came Tinto Brass' LA CHIAVE, with its extraordinary success, and the re-birth of soft-core movies. I was a specialist in the genre, from BLACK EMANUELLE on, and had to switch to hard core to follow the market's trend.



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PORNO HOLOCAUST

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Q- Will you give us an appreciation on Italian sex film directors? Are you number One?

A- No, I don't think so. I'd put Tinto Brass in first place, he's surely better than me; then Samperi. I like his erotic films a lot. Well, I could be third: bronze medal!

Q- How did you choose your pseudonym, Joe D'Amato?

A- In 1974 I was shooting a film, that was the time when Italo-American names were starting to become famous world-wide as Scorsese, De Palma, Coppola, so I happened to see a list of names and chose Joe D'Amato. I use it for my sex films, it has been a lucky choice. I also produced two horror films with two young directors who used to be my assistants (see the Michele Soavi interview in this ish -GZ); my son works with me, you see, I have some kind of a family around me, as in a circus. I tell you this because you could think of Massaccesi a.k.a. D'Amato as some sort of wicked, fiendish author...

- (translation by Simone "Ro Man" Romano) -



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SADO HORROR KOMIX

KOMIX MOMMA WOULDN'T LET U READ

The comix we deal with in this article are called "Sado Horror" as they often blend sex with violence. The titles and the characters are countless, and the countries these comix are most widely known in are Spain, France, South America but, above all, Italy. Thus Italy retains not only the record of being the country that produced some of the most extreme and sick splatter movies, like CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST of THE BEYOND, but also of spawning comic books so sick, sadistic and crude that a film adaptation would have to be a Snuff Movie (even though NIKROMANTIK and LA REVANCHE DES MORTES VIVANTES get close to the spirit of these comics).

Italy has a long tradition in this particular genre, and it's worthy of note that these adult only comic books are sold on any newsstands, side by side with MICKEY MOUSE or SPIDER-MAN!

The first Italian comix to introduce scenes of violence and morbid situations appeared in the 1960's: DIABOLIK - a sort of costumed Arsenio Lupin - was created by two mild-mannered sisters while the more daring KRIMINAL, SATANIK and GESEBEL were the brainchild of writer Max Bunker and cartoonist Magnus. All these comics were adapted into films in the mid-60's - except for GESEBEL, the more sadistic one. DIABOLIK starred John Philip Law as the title character and it was directed by the great Mario Bava while KRIMINAL, directed by Umberto Lenzi, even spawned a sequel.

The earlier issues of KRIMINAL featured a lot of very grisly murders, including a man killed by many arrows (included one in the eye, à-la FRIDAY THE 13th), axe-killings and throat cuttings. GESEBEL started to mix sex with tortures, even thought over 20 years ago the excesses to come were still unconceivable.



A PORTE CHIUSE	SCHLAVA	Bordello	TERROR	PIG	CORONA VISSUTE	STORIA Viola	TERROR
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In the early 1970's came JACULA, a blonde buxom vampire, bisexual and prone to incest (in the first episode, after regaining her youth thanks to a pact with the devil, she screws her own son), inspired by VAMPIRELLA, but much more explicit. Her big success lead to a horde of new publications: ZORA, another sexy vampire, SUKIA, yet another blood (?) sucker, CIMITERIA, a horny living dead girl, WALLENSTEIN, a disfigured over-sexed Frankenstein monster, TERROR and OLTRETOMBA, two anthology series which still exist. Soon the stories started getting increasingly violent and pornographic and new forgettable comix were created, totally unrelated with horror and with the sole purpose of depicting explicit sexual situations; among these, we'll mention a BIANCANEVE (Snow white) surrounded by seven sleazy dwerfes and a PINOCCHIO whose dick -instead of his nose- would grow longer when he told lies.

With the liberalization of the sexual morale and the circulation of hard-core films like DEEP THROAT and with the advent of splatter movies, the comics got gorier and more pornographic. It's interesting to note that the authors usually remain unknown, without even signing their works, because often they are well-known writers or cartoonist doing this stuff to end to their salary or beginners who draw

porn material just to get started. This is how, for instance, Milo Manara began (incidentally, he even admitted of being a big fan of SUPERSEX, hard-porn photo-stories starring Gabriel Pontello, an European John Holmes). Magnus instead, after drawing "respectable" comix like ALAN FORD, made NECRON, a sort of early RANKEROX with more sex and gore (scripted by a woman!). But with the increase of violence and sex the stories started getting thinner and thinner, until they became nothing more than an excuse to show pointless morbid situations, just as in the porn or gore films. The earlier comix, instead, had better scripts, like BIANCANEVE or ZORA that were re-printed several times even in hardcover books.



MONDO
SUPER
I GIALLI DELLA
LUCE ROSSA
ZORA
BATMAN
ON NOSTRA
ATTUALITA'
NERA
I FILM DELLA
LUCE ROSSA
FATTI DI SANGUE
diabolici amanti
ZORA
SUPER

STORIE Blu

IL
CONDANNATO

STORIE Blu

Stregoneria

CIMITERIA

FATTI DI SANGUE

diabolici amanti

AAAH!

CRONACA NUDA

Super DELITTI
CRIMEN - MENSILE PER ADULTI - L. 2000

SBARRE

Recently a lot of series came out dealing with real-life problems as crime & scandals, and sometimes they are even based on events actually occurred, as for instance **CRONACA NUDA**, **SUPERNERA**, **SCANDALI**, **ATTUALITA' VIOLENTA**, **MONDO CORROTTO** and other forgettable ones. A brief article on a small-town newspaper is enough to provide the story for these comics, blood and sex are guaranteed.

Then came the parodies of popular characters, like **QUEI DUE DELLA LUCE ROSSA** (inspired by the TV shows starring Roger Moore & Tony Curtis), **RAIMBO**, **44 MAGNUM** (**MAGNUM P.I.** hard-core version), and even two series dedicated to two popular Italian porn stars: **RAMBA** and **MCANA**. There is also **PIG**, with the body of a man and the head that turns into that of a pig each time he gets a hard-on. But the real "Sado-Horror" comix, the horror-porn ones are -besides the already mentioned **TERROR** and **OLTRETOLIBA**- are

SBARRE (Women in prison), **FATTI DI SANGUE**, **ORRORNERO**, **STREGONERIA** (anthology series about witchcraft and demonic possessions), **LADY DOMINA** (S&M comix), but the most brutal and sadistically violent are **STORIE BLU**, **STORIE VIOLA** and **SUPERPROBITA**.

STORIE BLU and **STORIE VIOLA** are sci-fi/horror anthologies, thick 190-page stories (228 pages the "special" issues) pretty well scripted, dealing with aliens, time travels, futuristic settings, terrifying horrors. They are easily the most ferocious comic books around. In an episode titled "Forze Oscure" a wire hanger becomes a nazi skeleton that slaughters a girl (beautiful girls are often, but not always, the favorite victims in this immature comix) after having sodomized and tortured her with an umbrella. In "Cere Di Vitalità", horrible experiments are performed in a Nazi camp on women that are used as rat food after been gang raped by the German soldiers. In another episode, a woman attempting a time travel experiment incarnates in a 13th Century executioner and is "forced" to torture and rape beautiful girls suspected of

Super DELITTI
CRIMEN - MENSILE PER ADULTI - L. 2000

CRONACA NUDA
228 PAGINE
DISPOSTA A TUTTO
AGHETTI
MORE E
L'IFFE

SBARRE
148 PAGINE
FEMMINE VIOLENTE

La decapitata di Parigi
Il miraggio dei petrodollari
La nipote preferita

ALLENSTEIN
il mostro
mensile

TROMBA
mensile

Vampirissimo
mensile



witchery. In yet another one, an alien injects girls with a dilatating fluid to fit them on his humongous alien penis (after disemboweling a woman with his dick!). On the same level, but without any fantastic elements, is SUPERPROIBITA: a boy falls in love with a little pig (THE PIG FUCKING COMIC BOOK?), a school teacher invites his students to his house and organizes obscene orgies with tortures and excrements, a sex maniac shatters the Siren of Copenhagen into pieces to masturbate with its parts, another one covers the walls of his room with female pubic hair and another collects nipples... something for everyone!



The most misogynist situations appeared on STORIE VIOLA: in one of the crudest stories, a girl is raped by a zombie while living skeletons stab her breasts and thighs and break her arms; then she has her throat slit and an eye gouged out...all while the rotting corpse is fucking her!!

In case your curiosity has been aroused, these sick, reprehensible and unjustifiable comics can be obtained from GOREZILLA; just send \$5 for a sample copy or a good amount of stuff on GODZILLA as trade... Have a sick reading.

- (Max + Ro Man) -----



RAVE-VIEWS!

DNA FORMULA LETALE aka METAMORPHOSIS aka REGENERATOR

Directed by George L. Eastman (Luigi Montefiore).

With Gene Le Brock, Catherine Baranov, Harry Cason.

ITALY, 1989.

It's getting pretty bad when my favourite country for producing horror films (Italy), starts making them as bland and stupid as we Americans. METAMORPHOSIS might as well as starred Linnea Quigley and have been shot on video. There's not a hint of quality in this entire production, which is a bit of a surprise since it was directed by Luigi Montefiore (using his well known pseudonym, G.L. Eastman) and has effects by Maurizio Trani. I had hoped the teaming up of these two would have resulted in something unique and unusual. No such luck.

A young genius, Dr. Peter Housmann (Gene Le Brock) is working in the genetics field at Virginia University. His unfinished project is in danger of being shut down due to his secretiveness and jealousy from other professors who have seen their funding cut off. Housmann is attempting to stop the degeneration of living cells, in other words, halt the aging process. He decides to be his own guinea pig since time is short. He injects himself (via a robotic armature that possesses a long-ass needle) and soon exhibits enhanced senses (such as hearing) and super strength. However, as these cliched plots go, and METAMORPHOSIS is no exception, things start to go wrong. He slithers around on the floor like a snake (which looks silly as hell) and ages 50 years in a few hours. Soon the doctor is confined to a hospital where everyone is waiting for him to die. It's determined that he's not aging but regressing backward to the time of reptiles. He escapes, looking exactly like Vincent Price in HOUSE OF WAX and terrorizes the town's female population (was primitive men an abuser of women?). At a snail's pace the film mercifully "rushes" to a conclusion as the good doctor mutates into a piss-poor relative of the MONSTER OF PIEDRAS BLANCAS. Though appearing to be destroyed at the film's climax, the next day a young boy has captured a lizard which just might be Dr. Housmann.

Eastman does very little to distinguish this as anything but by-the-numbers crap. The film was shot with live sound (dubbing these days is taboo) which makes a lot of dialogue hard to hear. Trani's gore effects are sparse and ineffective and that man-sized lizard outfit would look right at home in a SON OF GODZILLA sequel (that sounds good to me! -Max). The only distinguishing feature of the entire film is quick cameo by Laura Gemser. She plays a prostitute who gets roughed up by Housmann during one of his seizures.



She's aged well and with that short cropped haircut, has finally gained a sexual allure never seen in those Godawful D'Amato BLACK EMANUELLE films of the 70's. A real shame this film is so lame, but because of the dominance of American films in the market place, the Italians have no choice but to try + repeat the formula.

- (Craig Ledbetter) -----

HAVE A NICE WEEKEND

Directed and produced by Michael Walters.

Script by John Byrum, Michael Walters, Mersha Sheiness.

Music by Charles Gross.

Photography by Robert Ipcar.

With - no credits!!

USA, 1974.

Cover blurb - "A weekend on an exclusive paradise island brings together a family perturbed for many years. Changes of character have stretched the family bond further and further apart. Now only one line connects the family - The Blood Line of Murder. Savage, brutal and horrific are the only words that can describe the murders that surround the family. Can the murderer be caught before the family becomes extinct? With a family like this, would you Have A Nice Weekend?"

Despite being promoted as "savage, brutal and horrific" the film is available in the UK as a 15 rated video cheapie on the Fright-Nite Films label. This obscurity has relatively decent production values and a servicable (if rather talky) script. For some reason, it appears in none of the countless genre books written during the last few years. It is this fact, combined with the low price, which makes the film a completist's delight.

Basically a whodunit, the main weakness of HAVE A NICE WEEKEND is that the identity of the killer is obvious well before the end of the film. There is a red herring in the family son who suffers a brief 'Nem flashback in the first few minutes. Gorehounds will be disappointed by the lack of blood and the low body count (3), however this is compensated for by a much greater degree of characterisation than is usual in low budget horrors. There is also a rather pointless "psychiatrist explains the killer's motive" epilogue tacked on seemingly as an afterthought (and perhaps just to bring up the running time to 80 minutes). Viewers looking for a change from the current glut of repetitive sequels and inane spoofs will find the relaxed tone of HAVE A NICE WEEKEND a pleasant way of spending their time.

- (Adrian Smith) -----

AD UN PASSO DALL'AURORA aka NIGHTMARE IN VENICE

Directed by Mark B. Light (Mario Bianchi)
With Gerardo Amato, Tini Cansino, Adriana Russo, Franco Caracciolo.
ITALY, 1989.

This direct-to-video, overlong, snail-paced soft-core outing stars Tini Cansino, Rita Hayworth's busty second cousin (see GZ 1 for more info). I've always thought that any actress with a 36-inch bust can't be that bad, but Tini comes up as probably the worst actress around. She's top billed, but has only a small part as Lu, a whore who is first seen masturbating in front of a masked man, who then beats her. Riccardo (G. Amato), a heart surgeon, comes to her aid, she befriends him and brings him home, where she lives with a transvestite (F. Caracciolo). They fail to have sex, so Riccardo leaves. He meets Alessandro, a former schoolmate of his, who tells him about a private costume party. He goes to buy a cape and a mask and meets a nymphomaniac (A. Russo) who acts strangely.

The "party" looks like a Ku-Klux-Klan meeting. Riccardo is recognized as an intruder and is blackmailed by the masked master into injecting one of his patients with AIDS-infected blood. He doesn't, so the coked folks inject Lu with the infected blood. She commits suicide. End.

This preposterous film is very well photographed, and the script could provide numerous occasions for blood&sex scenes, instead Bianchi's slow moving, inept direction leaves it a hopeless loser.

AD UN PASSO DALL'AURORA features no depravity, nor gore, nor violence, and not enough nudity to keep GZ reader's interest throughout its 96 minutes. Nothing could salvage this viewer's nightmare, best avoided by all.

- (Simone "Ro-Man" Romano) -----

BLOOD DELIRIUM

Directed by Sergio Bergonzelli.
With John Phillip Lew, Gordon Mitchell, Brigitte Christensen, Marco Di Stefano, Olga Hardiman (Olinka).
ITALY, 1988.

One night, a famous young piano player called Sibille is visited by the soul of a dying woman claiming to be the other half of her personality. Meanwhile, in another place, a woman named Catherine (also a piano player) dies. Catherine was the wife of a demented, but extremely talented painter, Saint Simon (John Phillip Lew), who is said to be the reincarnation of Van Gogh. Their mad servant Hermann, played by Gordon Mitchell (star of many Peplum movies and grade Z rubbish like KAPUTT LAGER...GLI ULTIMI GIORNI DELLE SS/DESERT TIGERS and Masseccesi's ENDGAME), reveals his necrophiliac tendencies by having sex with Catherine's body.

A year later, with the help of trusty old Hermann, Saint Simon exhumes Catherine's corpse which is now a maggot infested skeleton. In an attempt to give her the appearance of being alive, Saint Simon puts a plastic mask with Catherine's features onto her rotting skull. However, he feels cursed by the dead woman's spirit and so disposes of the cadaver.

During an exhibition of his paintings Saint Simon meets Sibille - the perfect replica of his dead wife. He invites her to his castle where strange things begin to happen. Hermann rapes a girl from a nearby house and then kills her. Saint Simon helps Hermann to hide the body and while doing so discovers that human blood is the perfect colour needed for his paintings. So, a-la COLOR ME BLOOD RED, he starts to paint using the blood of female victims. One of these women is played by Olinka Hardiman, a well known hard-core porn star and Marilyn Monroe lookalike. Sibille discovers what is going on and attempts to escape, but Hermann drugs and rapes her while she is unconscious. In the end, Sibille's boyfriend and the ghost of Catherine intervene to save the heroine.

BLOOD DELIRIUM is a truly incredible movie, with amazing dialogue and a bizarre scenario. In fact, it is so incredible I will hand over to my friend Franco Lendriscina to continue the review and reveal more about this cinematic wonder! C'mon Franco, tell us more...

Bergonzelli's work sits at the apex of the "trash-kitsch-incredibly strange" films of all time. Here we finally have a movie that can be compared to other truly outrageous works such as Andrea Bianchi's ZOMBI HORROR, Bruno Mattei's VIRUS/ZOMBIE CREEPING FLESH and THE OTHER HELL, Mario Lendi's PATRICK VIVE ANCORA. Although when compared to these other movies BLOOD DELIRIUM is relatively without gore, it makes up for this by the sheer "delirium" of the plot, dialogues and acting. There is not one facet to the film which could be considered "normal". There are plenty of cult movie elements, the best being the presence of Gordon Mitchell, who gets crushed at the end of the movie by papier mache pillars just like in the best (and worst!) of the Peplums he made in the Sixties.

Let's come to the sad news: this video version is without several scenes which were in the original theatrical version screened at FANTAFESTIVAL in Rome last year. Unfortunately, these are choice scenes worthy of the best Bruno Mattei and Andrea Bianchi productions. One scene is where Gordon Mitchell disembowels the usual group of attractive young girls. Another scene, which drew enthusiastic applause from the audience at the FANTAFESTIVAL, is when Mitchell cooks the innards of a female victim over a grill, and then proceeds to eat them with the delight of a gourmet *tastig haute cousine*. He even hesitates to add a pinch of salt! Despite this cuts there is enough to enjoy in the movie anyway, and perhaps a full length version will turn up on video in some Third World country.

- (Max/Franco Lendriscina) -----

MONDO WEIRDO - A TRIP TO PARANOIA PARADISE.

Written, edited and directed by Carl Andersen.
With Jessica Franco Manera, Miranda Mariaux, Soledad Marceignac.
Sound & Songs by Modell D'Oo.
AUSTRIA, 1989.

This is the second ultra-low budget film combining hard core porn and splatter from the austrian zabbadoing film-maker Carl Andersen (see GZ 1 for interview). In the beginning the screen stays black except for an occasional split second flash of sexual and/or gory images, while a male voice with a heavy accent introduces himself as Dr. Rosenberg, a psychoanalyst, and warns the audience that the films is based on the facts in "one of the most bizarre cases in history of distorted sexuality". He then

describes that case, thus summarizing the basic plot of the film, before going back to his Criswell routine by advising the squeamish to leave the auditorium while they still have the chance. Those who choose to defy Dr. Rosenberg's advice then get to see the first actual scene: the young Odile is taking a shower and starts to bleed. She's having her first menstruation. Carrie...ops, I mean Odile doesn't know anything about like sex, so this experience apparently links sexuality and blood firmly together in her mind; sexual desire and bloodlust are the same to her. Next she goes to a rock club where two girls, Ilona and Elizabeth, are having sex with each other, and she is shocked but fascinated. From then on, she starts having sexual and violent hallucinations and fantasies, and she starts seeing the girls all over the place, killing people and drinking their blood or doing other weird things.

She thinks they are bloodthirsty vampires and that one of them is none other than the notorious Countess Elizabeth Bathory herself. The climax takes place in Bathory's house, where Odile, Elizabeth, Ilona and two guys, are having an orgy. In the end Elizabeth and Ilona kill one guy and castrate the other, who objects by shoving Ilona into the imbecile tool, i.e. a straight razor held by Elizabeth, who in turn stumbles and gets an antler through her head. Only Odile is left alive; she goes back to the rock club where she first saw the two girls having sex. It seems that they are alive and well and at it again (or still?), and now Odile joins the fun. Apparently seeing the "vampire doppelgangers" die (or imagining it) has made her nightmares and sex fears vanish.

There is very little dialogue in the film; silent-film style captions are used instead (some of this are quite funny). The music is suitable and in style with the film, a good blend of electronic and industrial sonorities. The script instead is at times incoherent and hard to follow (or maybe my IQ is just too low). On the whole, it's pretty sleazy stuff and definitely not for all tastes, but it's quite interesting nevertheless.

- (Seppo Kankas) -----

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海獣シアター作品

TETSUO

Direction/Screenplay/Scenography/Executive production by Shinya Tsukamoto.

With: Tomorrow Taguchi, Kyo Hujiiwara, Shin Tsuyioka, Shinya Tsukamoto.

Music: Tadashi Ishikawa.

Photography: Mitsuhiro Ozaki.

A Theatre of the Sea Monsters

Production.

JAPAN, 1988.

TETSUO is the Japanese answer to David Lynch's nightmarish BRASSERHEAD.

With moody oppressive black'n' white photography, graphic gore scenes, ingenious stop-motion effects, some very convincing camera tricks, all surrounded by a soundtrack EINSTURZENDE BAUTEN would be proud of, TETSUO is the ultimate post industrial horror movie.

In this medium-feature (it runs an hour), the world is condemned to be destroyed, crumbling to pieces as a result of rust. The place where the title character lives is a hell composed of industrial wasteland in which thread-like white cold edges ooze into warm human flesh, turning people into metallic creatures with the mental cancer: rust.

This movie begins with a man sticking a piece of iron into his leg. When the wound begins to fester maggots crawl into it. This causes the man to run screaming, and straight into the path of a moving car. Another man, Tetsuo, sits down on a bench in the subway waiting for a train. Meanwhile, the girl sitting next to him sees a strange piece of metal on the ground near her. The metal contains what looks like a bio-mechanical creature. She touches the metal thing and is shocked to discover that it completely absorbs her hand. Terrified, Tetsuo runs away and is chased by the girl. She tries to kill him, but eventually he manages to kill her instead.

While safely ensconced back in his own home Tetsuo has an erotic dream in which his girlfriend dances with a giant animated mechanic penis hanging between her legs. She then begins to sodomise him which causes him to awake abruptly, but he finds her sleeping soundly beside him. They then make love furiously, but after a suggestive scene in which the girl licks a phallic sausage, Tetsuo's penis turns into a giant swirling drill. A gory fight ensues and the girl is killed, her blood splattered all over the wall.

Day by day, Tetsuo begins to progressively resemble a machine, a samurai composed of debris. On a TV monitor he sees that he was the one who crushed a man with a car at the beginning of the film. This man now returns to melt Tetsuo's home with rust, even melting his pet cat. Tetsuo and the rust man battle it out, but ultimately the two of them unite in order to destroy the world. GAME OVER.

-(Max) -----

BRASSERHEAD is a somewhat over rated film, but saying this, it does contain some excellent imaginative effects which could only be derived from the most warped of minds. But with the lack of motivation the film becomes tedious, and the imaginative scenes do not hold the film together for a full 90 minutes.

As for TETSUO it doesn't rely heavily on the imaginative side, tending to lean more towards the photography effects, the acute camera angles, fast frame photography and the superb stop-motion effects.

Don't get me wrong, the film's director, come screenwriter, Shinya Tsutamoto, does have an extraordinary imagination and with the mixture of this, the "speed" driven plot and the photography effects the motivation keeps running, not giving you the chance to tire of the film.

As for the soundtrack by Tadashi Ishikawa it is impossible to fault. One of the best pieces of industrial noise music I've heard since seeing TEST DEPARTMENT in the early '80's. The music fits the film practically frame for frame, and with this it's hard to say which was made for which.

A film not to be missed.

-(Simon Smith) -----

UN GATTO NEL CERVELLO (NIGHTMARE CONCERT)

Directed by Lucio Fulci.

Story and screenplay by Lucio Fulci and John Frittsimon.
Photography by Alex Grossi. Optical effects by Studio 2.
Special effects by Pino Ferranti. Music by Fabio Frizzi.
With Lucio Fulci, Jeffrey Kennedy, J.L. Thompson, Rolo
Sison, Harrison Jang.

"Hitchcock invented chillers, Fulci made them perfect" reads the ad. "Others shoot films, Fulci then uses them", we could add.

UN GATTO NEL CERVELLO is in fact a sort of big cauldron in which he throws -as to melt them in a boiling mixture- excerpts from gore films yet unreleased. The only ones directed by Fulci, WHEN ALICE BROKE THE MIRROR and SODOMA'S GHOST, originally were TV movies now, witnessing the wonderful truculence that imbues those sequences we understand the reason why Mr. Berlusconi refused to air this film, while retaining the rights to them. But what we don't understand is how Lucio can sell off -as if they were his own- films like Leonardo Lucchetti's BLOODY PSYCHO, Andrea Bianchi's DO YOU REMEMBER DR. JESKILL?, Mario Bianchi's THE BROKEN MIRROR or DON'T BE AFRAID: AUNT MARTA WOULDN'T KILL YOU and finally Enzo Millioni's BLOODY MOON.

To concoct a patched up plot and to sketch some script, in order to sew up the different footage, Fulci and an unknown Mr. "John Frittsimon" (great pseudonym!) applied to Antonio Tentori's supervision. He worked miracles, actually. Nevertheless, it's very hard to give any appreciation on this film. UN GATTO NEL CERVELLO shows old Lucio starring -after his numerous cameos, Hitchcock-style- as himself, without even changing his name (originally his character was to be named Fulvio). Fulci, in his film, comes up as the mirror image of his life, rough and affable at the same time, a man you easily become fond of and a director you get to love unconditionally. Never mind the events provided by the plot, with our Lucio mentally enslaved by his psychiatrist and lead to believe he committed the grisly crimes that the crazy doctor actually carried out (NIGHTMARE docet). And never mind the incomprehensible decision to give this film a 1970s style title, as the infamous "cat" has no relevance in the story - actually, we can see the cat in the title sequence, eating Fulci's brain, and in a sequence in which it digs up a corpse's face.

Take this film for what it is: a megatrailer swollen with blood, a chance to dig a preview of obscure films which will not be released soon. Pino Ferranti's special effects from the several splatter movies, spread throughout the film's 90 minutes, are top-notch: you won't be disappointed.

- (Massimo Invernizzi) -

BESOKARNA aka THE VISITORS

Directed by Joakim Ersgard.

With Keith Berkeley, Lena Endre,
John Force, John Olson.

Screenplay Joakim and Patrick Ersgard.

Photography by Hans Lerin.

SPFX by Olov Nylander.

I guess we all have different ideas about just what a horror film should look like, and perhaps even more important what it should try and achieve. Nowadays it looks like the "horror" bit has been forgotten - or simply left out - and what we're treated to in the end is mostly sheer and utter crap. It's naturally important to entertain people as well, and I'm the first one to admit my fondness for "charming shit".

But, as a maker of horror films, why settle with just entertaining the viewers? Hell, we've got genres like comedy and action for that!

No, one of the goals should be to terrify people, to drag them down a bottomless pit where nothing is what it seems and where things usually turns out bad...! Not many filmmakers seem to realize this and what we're left with is the standard American formula: rubber monsters from floor to ceiling, blond

bimbos flashing their tits all over the place and behaving even more stupid than the average American kid (I bet you didn't think that was possible!), male high school students looking like brick walls (not forgetting calling every one "dude"...) and a few buckets of stage blood just to give it all some colour.

But once in a while films with some sort of "this is really what it's all about" feeling do pop up, and one of them is Joakim Ersgard's BESOKARNA (also available in an English re-edited version called THE VISITORS).

The film tells the story of Frank, Sarah and their two kids who flee the city and arrive at their homestead in the Sweden countryside. Everything is just dandy, the kids love the house, Sarah will finally get the opportunity to continue her writing in peace and Frank is about to get his advertising agency a big contract.

But, you see, there is a problem with the wallpaper in one of the rooms. It just refuses to stick to the wall, so we're talking major trouble here. Frank puts it up three times only to find that someone don't appreciate his handywork. On top of that things are no longer so cheerful at work and Frank gets more and more convinced that someone else is living in the house. And who wouldn't, with messy footprints all over the attic floor?

Sarah refuses to believe anything mysterious is going on, but this doesn't stop Frank. Oh no. He decides to invite a researcher to the house, a zany guy who drags a small power plant with him and insists on blowing away whatever the hides. So there they are in the middle of the night, drinking beer and telling stories about evil forces when it's time for The Visitors to join the party...

There aren't too many Swedish horror films around and never have been for that matter. This makes BESOKARNA more enjoyable partly because it doesn't happen very often that we get to see something like it.

Joakim Ersgard has created a film which is quite disturbing at times, and even though I'm quite used to most efforts in the genre it does offer some great chills. It's all pretty low budget but the actors don't make too much mess of their parts, the photography is very playful at times and I give an extra mark for the witty dialogue. The tension builds slowly but steadily and about the only disappointment is that the end isn't what I wanted to be, but you can't have it all I guess...

So if you would like to try a horror film without the usual dose of rubber, tits and brick walls BESOKARNA might be a film for you. FANGORIA magazine thought it was "a 102 minute soporific with absolutely zilch going for it", and in my mind that is a real recommendation!

- (Leif Astrand) -

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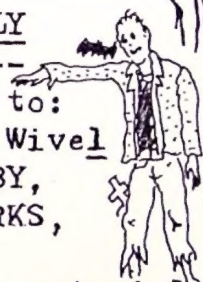
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